



By Head Balledup

O give me the life of the village,
Uninhibited, free, and sweet;
The place where the arts all flourish,
Grove Court and Christopher Street.

I am sick of the old conventions,
And critics who will not praise,
So sing ho for the open spaces,
And aesthetes with kindly ways.

Here every bard is a genius,
And artists are Raphaels,
And above the roofs of Patchin Place
The Muse of Talent dwells.

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